

# SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 28, 1915.

## WHERE THE TRACTION SERVICE IS FAILURE.

A street railway corporation within a mile circle, and having profitable lines extending from a half to three-quarters of a mile beyond, that operates its lines so infrequently that a customer can follow one car that he misses and reach his home a mile away, or the center of the city, if headed that way, this in advance of the next car; such a corporation is standing in its own light regardless of all other considerations.

Few street railway lines, if any, operating in South Bend, but are profitable, and they would be more profitable, up to anywhere within two miles from the center of the town—computed by general averages, if there was a regularity, and frequency of service, sufficient to make it worth while for the customer who is a little off schedule, to wait until the next car comes along. Add to this regularity and frequency of service, a rate, which in comparison with the present, gives the customer every sixth ride free, and the street railway company would have a hold on the traffic in the city,—that would render "jitney" bus regulation—strangulation—unnecessary to protect its monopoly.

If the "jitney" bus has cut in on the street railway patronage, it is because they have given the people who patronize them what they want. To take this away from these people, without bringing the street railways to time, with the frequency of service and rate of fare needed, is merely to impose a hardship that Mayor Keller and his administration cannot afford to impose. If the street cars were a preferable means of travel under all conditions, the "jitneys" would not bother. They are here because there is a field for them between street cars that the cars do not cover.

That the traction magnates may have promised the south side a line on Sample street, should the "jitneys" be put out of the way, thus capturing the support of Councilmen Goebel, Wolter, Lang and Miller, does not hypnotize us in the least, with respect to overlooking the demand for a larger service for the remainder of the city. We propose to have this better, and less expensive service everywhere, now, "jitneys" or no "jitneys," or know the reason why. It is time, as previously suggested, for Mayor Keller, and the "citizen" members of the council, to get busy with this matter, in accordance with their campaign promises made when the "jitney" bus was an animal yet unborn.

It is no longer a question of possibly regulating the traction service by "jitney" competition. Let each of them stand by themselves, and let the regulation of the one be as stringent as the other, if stringency is to be the new order. Strap-hanging in a trolley car is just as damnable as sitting on the side door of a "jitney" car. There are a number of points to be considered, of course, in the case of the traction company, by the state public service commission, but that is what the public service commission is there for.

Let us have an all-round clean-up of it. It is at least to the credit of the Electric and Gas companies that the city hasn't for a while back, anyway, built any bridges for them—neither on Lasalle nor North Michigan streets.

## THE SPECULATION FEVER.

Wall street is at it again. The mania for stock speculation has reached a greater height than at any time since the Civil war. Immense fortunes are being won and lost by big plungers; and little plungers are risking their money—and occasionally their employer's money—with reckless abandon equal to anything known in the wildest days of the stock exchange.

Two things are responsible for this sudden outburst after several years of comparative caution and conservatism: The boom in "war stocks" and the surfeit of money and credit. When industrial securities rise hundreds of points in a few months, and some have done so, and occasionally jump \$20 or \$30 a share over night, no wonder speculators lose their heads.

Much of the bull activity, however, is artificial. The big operators have been playing the market for all it is worth, using the legitimate jump in value of a few stocks to boost all that have anything to do with the manufacture of war supplies. Some market quotations hundreds of per cent higher than normal represent purely theoretical value, based on guesses at the profits on big war orders which may or may not be realized. The public is being fooled into believing that these stocks are worth what they are quoted at, and that all "war stocks" are going to keep on soaring indefinitely, so that a "bull" purchaser can't lose.

Occasionally, of course, they do lose, as a defaulting teller of a big New York bank realized the other day to his sorrow. Sooner or later, a great many people all over the United States are likely to lose. The man or woman with a few thousand dollars to invest had better keep out of this frenzied

war speculation. The best stocks to buy are standard American stocks that don't depend on war orders or war results for their profits.

## KNOCKS IDEALS COLD.

They're still discussing Rev. Newell D. Hillis, head of Plymouth church, New York, who says that "worldly ambition has led him from his ideals" and caused him to get "in the hole" about \$180,000 worth, in a timber deal.

Worldly ambition is the doggondest craftiest thing we know of to lead a fellow away from his ideals. A fellow can just eat, drink, and sleep with his ideals for 'most a life-time, and then worldly ambition will come sneaking along, put a halter over his ears and just make him outrun every blessed ideal he ever had.

Sometimes, worldly ambition gets behind three deuces and a couple of four spots and insidiously leads you to abandon such of your ideals as your money, car tickets and all your clothes down to shirt and other apparel required by law to conserve your modesty. Then again, it may be a timber deal, or an oil well, or a gold mine in which worldly ambition lurks to spring forth upon you and knock the ideality out of your precious ideals. It makes no difference who you are or what you've got, worldly ambition's always laying for you. Here's the illustrious head of a great church of the greatest city, preaching ideals, living ideals, crammed full of ideals. Worldly ambition got even with him at last. There was a chance to get rich quick, when along came worldly ambition, and now look at him! What we poor, ordinarily miserable sinners have sure got to fight is this infernal worldly ambition. It not only rasps our high moral ideals to death but it lands us feet up in bankruptcy, drat it!

## CANT GO CARRANZA.

Many will agree with Francisco Urduli, consul general for Villa, that recognition of Carranza by this government would mean a wide-spread rebellion and another revolution in Mexico. The people of Mexico will not stand for Carranza. He went into office, after the success of his revolt against Huerta,—won for him by Villa, Raoul Madero and others now lined up against him—with every thing in his favor. If he had been of the calibre required of the man who might successfully rule Mexico, it would have been shown then. He failed, miserably. Within 60 days, by a petty, jealous and utterly incapable course, he had alienated Villa and most of his generals. Since then he has given repeated evidence that he is but a narrow minded demagogue without ability. Furthermore, he is at heart an enemy of America and Americans.

Villa's reverses may tend to preclude the possibility of extending recognition to him, but certainly Uncle Sam will only be gumming the cards to restore a fallen idol to his tottering pedestal. The mediators should insist on their original plan—that a man be chosen outside of either faction. By recognizing Carranza we stand committed to his cause in another bloody revolution. Is it helping Mexico to do that?

## WHAT WORKMEN READ.

An investigation into the scope and nature of the American workman's literary interests reveals these facts: Only about one workman out of fifty doesn't read anything. About 97 1-2 per cent of them read newspapers; 93 per cent read fiction magazines; 93 1-2 per cent read business, technical and trade publications; 46 per cent read novels; 19 per cent read "classic" literature; about 18 per cent read reviews of current events; nine per cent read magazines dealing with travel, outdoors and geography, and the same number read scientific magazines; six per cent read socialistic publications; about three per cent are given to reading the Bible.

On the whole, it's a very good showing, revealing a high average of literacy and a greater appreciation of "good reading" than could be found in any other country, with the possible exception of Germany and Scandinavia. When it comes to keeping in touch with the world's events through newspaper reading, the American workman is unequalled. And in his general range and choice of literature, he probably averages as high as any other class of Americans except professional men.

## SPLITTING OF HAIRS.

Our mental faculties may be in partial or total eclipse, but for the life of us we can't figure out even a fairly good reason for injecting the war munitions issue into the allied loan proposition. The reluctance of the American financiers to permit the loan to cover munitions, smacks of hypocrisy with a capital H.

What difference does it make whether the allies buy powder and ball with the particular dollars secured in America or use those dol-

lars to buy canned goods, thereby releasing certain other moneys for the first purpose? As far as that goes a loaf of bread to fill the empty stomach of a soldier is just as much "munitions of war" to all practical intents, as gunpowder.

We don't say the loan is morally right. We are not assuming to fix the moral standard for anybody, but we do say that if it's all right to make the loan for the purchase of bread, it's all right for the purchase of bullets, and all this equivocation and hair-splitting is the rankest kind of weakness.

## CAN YOU BEAT IT?

In parts of Texas the authorities brand tubercular dairy cows with a large "T. B."

Now a devilishly ingenious cow-puncher buys up a herd of these for a song, drives them down into Mexico, and advertises that the "T. B." is Uncle Sam's private mark standing for "Thorough-bred." Aforesaid cow-puncher gets away with it and comes back with a burro load of "dobies" meaning the only dollar that's good going and coming in Mexico.

Which is something like making a pirate walk his own plank.

## HOW SOON THE DEAD ARE FORGOTTEN.

We have it from Berlin that the disputes as to the sinking of the Orduña and Hesperian are regarded as settled, and that an agreement as to the Arabic torpedoing will end the German-American submarine warfare controversy.

Evidently, Berlin regards the Lusitania victims as pretty dead.

## THE BOOKS OPEN.

England much worried over the probable necessity of conscription. The czar pre-emptorily proroguing the duma, because it is considering social and political reforms. Germany united.

Conditions may change, but it now looks like organization vs. disorganization. Step up and make your bets, gentlemen!

"I am the gravest public danger that confronts England," laments George Bernard Shaw, "because I have the strange power of turning the nation passionately away from the truth by the simple act of uttering it." But there's a perfectly simple remedy. If this British Cassandra were a real patriot, he'd tell deliberate lies; and then the nation would be saved by being fooled into a passionate acceptance of the truth.

Mrs. Bernice Thie of Los Angeles has got a divorce because Thie spent his hours at home dreaming about soul-mates and made his family live on raw vegetables very largely. The practice of filling up on carrots and then dozing over soul-mates has got to be put down, in behalf of the American fireside.

The war heroes are not all on the battle field. There is a French nurse who inoculated herself with the deadly gangrene virus, to test the anti-gangrene serum. She is said to be recovering, thereby proving the efficacy of the serum. And she ought to have a monument without waiting to die for it.

The average man is cleaner minded than the average woman, says A. Hopwood, writer of risqué plays. A man's opinion of woman usually depends upon the sort of women with whom he comes in contact.

They're trying to make out that Japan is a peace country because she has no war poetry. If Japan wants to borrow some war poets, we know where there are a lot of them who aren't doing much just now.

Bulgaria has concocted a sweet program for herself. She proposes to be neutral toward the entente but "benevolently" neutral toward Turkey. Somebody is bound to get real mad at Bulgaria.

South Carolina having gone swooning for prohibition, how is governor from South Carolina going to greet his excellency from North Carolina henceforth?

The Balkans can't keep on balking much longer.

## THIS IS THE LAST BOOK OF THE SERIES

No More Gift Book Announcements After Today.

The final day is at hand, for The News-Times sensational distribution of high-grade, full-sized, copyrighted fiction at 25c (ten titles, selling heretofore at \$1.25 to \$1.35) must be brought to a close tonight. Hereafter you can only get these books at bookstores in the original editions, if your dealer happens to have any of them. At the former regular prices, prevailing prior to this ten weeks' gift offer. The rush will be big today, as scores always wait until the last minutes. There will certainly be some disappointed ones. If you find a branch distributor out of any title you may wish, telephone, call or write to the office of this paper and be supplied with the book or books you want.

This distribution is for read of this paper, young or old, and we do not wish to disappoint a single applicant. Our great aim has been to stimulate a new desire and interest in high-grade, copyrighted fiction by noted writers at a gift price which is a nucleus for a fine fiction library—a start at trifling expense. Remember, you must clip and bring the coupon in last Sunday's big announcement if you would secure one or more of the ten standard modern novels we have been passing out to coupon clippers during the past ten weeks.

This is your chance. Get your book or books today, or be disappointed because of your negligence.

# THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

IT looks now as if we would get through the season without buying an automobile. The freak summer has made the control of our auto-impulse comparatively easy, but being a smoker who has tried to quit, we realize we may fall for the seduction at any time. If we can hold out through October and November we shall feel safe until the roads open up in the spring. It stirs our pride to find ourselves so strong when we see the roadway strewn with fallen victims.

OUR oracle says there's no use going to Wawasee any more this year. From now on, he says, the fishing will be better at Diamond lake, and it's easier to get there, and that is worth considering. A reduction of 10 miles make a difference on a raw fall day, even over the Diamond lake roads, which have the reputation of being the most villainous in the country. Ordinarily, the worst roads are found on the approaches to enterprising cities, like South Bend, Elkhart, Goshen and Laporte, but none of them has ever been as badly decayed as the Diamond lake road.

FOR rational bass fishing there's no better place than Diamond lake. In the season one can get enough to satisfy anybody but a pot fisher and they are the finest ever. Most fishermen nowadays are rational. They are satisfied with less than a boat load.

IT is hard for Miss Iva Payne of Terre Haute to keep out of the spot light. We note she has been playing Lohengrin for a wedding down in Paris, Ill.

"WOMEN Model Conductors on the Glasgow Trams."—Headline. A continuous fashion show.

"WHEN the next German affront is offered—and it surely will be," says our anglicized former citizen, Harry Selfridge, "this country (the U. S.) should enter the war." Which we regard as some bid for the fashionable dry goods trade of London.

Why Barns Are Whitewashed.

(From a Detroit Handbill.) Our Business is White Washing and Cold Water Painting Cellars Garages Barns of all kinds Buildings the purpose for White Washing Barns is to get out all germs and purely the Barns.

"WHO," asks the Notre Dame Scholastic, "put the war in Warsaw?" The same guy we assume, that put the man in German.

## What the Papers Say

DYING BEYOND ONE'S MEANS.

(Kansas City Star.) Oscar Wilde, on his deathbed, called for champagne, saying he wanted to die beyond his means. Wilde's example is not so rare as his wit; in the complex civilization of today when every household is a part of a vast and intricate economical system, men and women, sacrificing health, happiness, and content to its demands, are every day dying beyond their means.

Generally the man who dies at middle age, unless he lays down his life in the way of duty, is such an example. He dies beyond his means if he dies paying toll of a bad system whose exactions were beyond his ability to meet, whether of aspirations, money or bodily strength. The woman to whom the race has not left time to be happy and who is old from the fever of it while still young in years is as surely dying beyond her means. Both have called for a drink far more costly than champagne.

Most people could be happy if they didn't feel that they had to go after the world's standard of happiness, rather than their own. They had nothing to do with fixing that standard, but they are expected to attain it just the same or be considered losers in the race. So the spectacle is seen every day of a sane man yielding his sanity to be as insane as his neighbor who is building a 40-ton house on a foundation of soap bubbles.

Civilization is loosely understood to mean comfort in living, security of life, hot and cold water and cooked food. When these are compared to life around a campfire, with skins for clothing and the near presence of an enemy looking for scalps, the usual deduction is that the case is all for civilization. Perhaps it would be if civilization's advantages could be translated in everybody's lives at exactly their apparent value. But what advantage is it to the man who has no food to convince him that, on account of his stomach, food ought to be cooked? And what advantage is it to the man who has too much food to convince him that, on account of his stomach, he mustn't eat it?

Hot and cold water ought to mean hot and cold water, but it doesn't. It means a plumber, tile baths and a house larger than most families need. Security of life is about as fallacious. What is the security of life in a factory, or a mine, or in the cab of a locomotive—all agents of civilization. Where is the comfort of living that the tenement house gives?—mostly with the owner the dwellers will agree.

If that is the way civilization performs with its usually boasted advantages its case for the minor matter of the attainment of happiness will not be likely to be more attractively presented. Except, of course, for the lure of the race and the chance it offers to die beyond your means.

## THE VICE-PRESIDENT HITS IT.

(Kansas City Times.) "I certainly favor a reasonable amount of preparedness for protective purposes. Under no circumstances would I favor the accumulation of an army for the invasion of foreign countries, but it is the part of wisdom for the United States to have adequate means of defense against any emergency that might arise."—Vice-President Marshall.

That expresses the general sense of the American people. The grand of the American nation has been, and doubtless always will be, against the invasion of the rights of other peoples. All our wars, all our foreign relations, all our diplomacy has proved that. But just as strongly this country wants to be prepared in naval and military strength for "any emergency that might arise" to threaten an invasion of its rights.

A blind man, after being told of the latest styles of the women, told a friend that he didn't want to live in such a world and wanted to die. Can't blame him, as the "beauties of life and the grandeur of nature have

## Have You Read This?

A fire-mist and a planet.  
A crystal and a cell,  
A jellyfish and saurian,  
And caves where the cave-men dwell,  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
And a face turned from the clod—  
Some call it evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite, tender sky—  
The ripe, rich tint of the corn fields,  
And the wild geese sailing high,  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charn of the goldenrod—  
Some of us call it autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea beach,  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in,  
Come from the mystic ocean,  
Whose rim no foot has trod—  
Some of us call it longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty;  
A mother starved for her brood;  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the road,  
And millions who, humble and nameless,

The straight, hard pathway trod—  
Some call it consecration,  
And others call it God.

—William Herbert Carruth.

IN tariff matters, as in others pertaining to the well known U. S. government, we imagine Prest Wilson will be governed by the signs of the times rather than sounds emanating from a purely political source. Prest Wilson's mission just now is to save this country and save it in good shape.

"THAT allied drive," remarked the old golfer, "was nothing to the one I made last year."

ONE peculiarity of the war news is that we hear of German reverses from London and of allied defeats from Berlin. It might help our credulity to cross their wires.

THE soldiers of Greece wear petticoats and tights, like the ballet dancers of this and other countries, but their feminine affectation is said to not affect their fighting qualities. Indeed, the average married man knows that skirts are no bar to belligerency.

IF they were he could have his own way.

WHICH he thinks he does.

C. N. F.

been hidden from him.—Nashville Tennessean.

Read NEWS-TIMES Want Ads

## HORLICK'S

The Original  
MALTED MILK  
Unless you say "HORLICK'S"  
you may not get a Substitute.

# CLEAN THE ELECTRIC WAY

After vacations are over and the more strenuous task of house-keeping is again taken up, what a relief it is to know that with the aid of electricity the housecleaning "bug bear" is forever eliminated and brooms are banished to the basement where they properly belong.

Think of the hard labor of sweeping and dusting which one of these little life savers absolutely obviates to say nothing of the better, cleaner and more sanitary conditions of the atmosphere of the home where used.

The cost to operate a vacuum cleaner is  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a cent an hour and once purchased it will last indefinitely with proper care.



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USE ELECTRICITY THE QUALITY LIGHT